

ABOUT PLAYS PLAYERS AND PLAYHOUSES

Joseph Jefferson's visit to Omaha was the one play in his repertoire which he has described in his own little talk before the curtain, a glorious one. Omaha's intelligence and culture was on parade that night, and well was it rewarded for its coming out. The performance was just such an artistic triumph as would be expected from the foremost of living comedians, and the enjoyment was that which comes to people of taste when an intellectual feast is properly spread before them.

Joseph Jefferson at 74, and still able to charm and delight a cultured and discriminating audience, not merely by the reinvention of his act, but by its inherent and absolute worth. It is not marvelous, and a testimonial to the genius of the man? It is true that in his personal appearance Mr. Jefferson shows his age; no man ever attained the three-score-and-ten mark and escaped time's tooth; but his voice has a funny little crack in it. But the fire of his genius burns as brightly as ever, and his rare intelligence and artistic impulse color his every action and movement on the stage with the hues of life, so that his act is as watchful as ever, and one forgets the man in watching the actor. It is not the fountain of youth, perhaps, that Mr. Jefferson has discovered, but it is a well-spring of longevity, and he has been most prodigal in sharing it with the public.

It is idle to undertake to analyze Mr. Jefferson. The investigator may resolve any thing to its component elements, and determine exactly what proportion of each substance enters into its composition; but let him attempt to reproduce a sentient thing, and certain failures await his effort. So it is with Joseph Jefferson. We all know what each of his movements, each of his gestures, each of his looks, his shading of emphasis on each of his words, means; but from the beginning of time we have only record of one Joe Jefferson. Recognition of this fact tinged with sadness the pleasure of witnessing his performance, for one cannot repress the feeling that it is for the last time. But Mr. Jefferson has announced no farewell appearance, but expects to go on to the very end. He has regulated his work to his capacity, and plays but twelve weeks in the year, choosing the early fall and winter for his activity. When the trying days of midwinter come, he is snugly situated in his Florida home, enjoying the comforts of winter in the subtropics, and when spring has again warmed the northland life and beauty, he hurries back to Bussard's Bay, where with old friends and neighbors he fishes the summer away. His life has become ideal as well as idyllic, and no one of all the thousands who have come to know the man whose kindly genius has brought so much wholesome laughter and caused so many honest tears bestrides him the coziness into which his way of life has fallen. And when the end does come, the sorrow of a people will follow him to the grave.

Another genius, whose light shone almost as brightly as Jefferson's, and who was the delight of thousands of the cultured people, not only of America but of Europe, is dying by inches under such circumstances as indicate that every picture has its reverse side. Fannie Janauschek has taken a name and a place among the immortals in her native country—Hungary—before she was lured to America in the hope of extending her conquests. She came, she saw, and she was conquered as well as conquering. Her reception won her heart, and she did not return to Europe. Instead, she mastered the English language, and became a queen if not the queen of the American stage. Her Mary Stuart, Lady Macbeth, Hortense and Lady Dodolet in "Black House" rank among the highest. No one who saw this gifted woman in the time of her triumphs will forget her as she appeared on the stage, mistress of every art that aids the presentation of tragedy in its potency. In her later years, when poverty drove her forth from retirement to take a part in a metropolitan melodrama, she showed that the fire was not quenched, and Broadway saw a Mother Mandelbaum the like of which will never be seen again. But disease and age combined were too much to struggle against, and Fannie Janauschek is dying, and in want. She was married with jewelry and medals, gifts of kings and emperors, memories of her triumphs, dear to her for sentimental reasons—something the world knows too little of—sacrificing them at public sale, and yet she is in need. As yet no concerted effort has been made to provide for her relief, but something should be done, and done soon, to show this great woman in her hour of need that Americans still remember and appreciate the woman who gave up her reign abroad in order to be one of them and to add to their pleasure by her art. Here is an editorial on the topic from a recent issue of the New York Times:

The story of Mrs. Janauschek's long illness and dependent poverty is very pathetic, very touching, as is always the story of the once prosperous artist who has outlived the favor of the public. This is not an instance of the proverbial "falling like a stone" which is the fate of many who have made their money in the show business, but it is a case of a woman who has given her life to the stage, and whose only support is the public. It is a case of a woman who has given her life to the stage, and whose only support is the public. It is a case of a woman who has given her life to the stage, and whose only support is the public.

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

In last Sunday's edition of The Bee there appeared an article in this column upon "Flowers which are born to blush unseen." And as the space was limited, and I had not said half of what I wanted to say upon the subject, I take the liberty of running the following remarks as a kind of "second section" to my first train of thought.

In addition to the accompanists who so often are born to blush unseen, and the authors and composers of songs and other already alluded to, there are many others which come under our consideration. For instance, there is the one who is always encouraging the music student. There is that one person in the audience when she sings or plays who will always find some enjoyment in the work. Though all else should crumble, though all else should fall, there will be the one, who knows; the one who, maybe, is furnishing a large part of the force which is bringing the result from the singer or player.

Blessed are the comforters. Even though they blush unseen. In a conversation with a very dear friend whose loved one had recently "joined the choir invisible," I remarked some months ago, "Well, you may certainly look up to when you see her, but you will never find her in any way minister to her wants musically." I reminded him that many a time I had heard comments about his constant devotion to her musical aims and ideals. He never was so tired to go with her to a concert, a musicale, or a singing school, as one of those "comforters," flowers that are born to blush unseen, and flowers which are so rare, so valuable that I could not help continuing this thought of last week, in order to mention them.

When I see a man sitting away at the back of the church on a rehearsal night I do not ask what he is doing there. I know he is one of the comforters, the encouragers, and he is doing his little part in promoting the world's beauty and happiness and advancement. I know women who are encouraged in this way, who are stimulated by the piano or harp, or singing a song or an aria. These women do not know how much the man in the case is doing toward their development. Let them talk to other women (whom I know) whose husbands are sympathetic, indifferent or, as in some extreme cases, even opposed to the development of the talents which may be entrusted to their loved ones. As though that would prevent talent developing.

No mortal can stay the hand of talent. It will come out one day, sure as fate, and you had better be a supporter, an encourager, a comforter of another's talent, because, in the first place, no man can assume the responsibility of compelling a person to bury a talent, without he incur the penalty of being cast into outer darkness. It will be the utter despair of the darkness of ignorance. In the second place, ask any man who is encouraging his wife, or sister, or daughter to develop talent, ask him if he has yet regretted the course he is preparing. I think that he will admit that you, who have many husbands, fathers and brothers have told me, that his own interest in music has been quickened, that his own appreciation of the good things in art, and his enjoyment of them has been constantly increasing, without any effort on his part, and that there is in music just one more bond to unite still more closely hearts and souls which are interested in the same art, even though the interest be only a small one in the one case as compared to the other. Blessed are the comforters!

And in passing, let me say seriously: "Woe unto that one who rejects the encouragement of husband, father or brother. Think 'why'!" Another flower that is born to blush unseen, and there are many of these, is the singer who does not sing the solos. Bless them, they are the true workers. They are the ones who are in it for "the joy of the working," and their reward is sure. Could you get along without them? Who are they? They are the real ones. They are the people who are true disciples. They are willing to take any part. The question uppermost with them is not "Master, who shall be first?" and "Where shall I be?" and "Is not this my Father's house?" It is more likely to be, "Shall I be late?"

When you look at your choir today, and you see the soprano soloist, and the tenor soloist, and the contralto and bass soloists, give them a holiday, in your thoughts, and look around and see those dear people, who never stand up alone, and sing the soprano of the choir, and who are too often flowers that blush unseen. And then, if your choir is a robed choir, there is the fragrant but unseen presence of some one person who sees that every note is straightly as the notes of the choir, and that there is nothing to mar the general effect. And there is the librarian. How unseen he is, and yet how skillfully his work is done; how music is kept in repair, and how strange it seems that he never is thanked for the fact that no person gets the wrong sheet of music. But enough. Let us apply this thought in other ways, and we find the flowers that are blushing unseen everywhere, and they are God's messengers who are ministering in the desert places to blossom like a rose. As far as we are concerned, let us see that their fragrance is not wasted!

I am now thinking of the proof-reader who will read this, and who, perchance, born to blush unseen. I have received a very interesting letter from a lady who asks many questions in said letter, and the letter is so interesting, so honest and so evidently earnest, that I will try to find room to publish the letter itself, without signature, and comments thereon in reply, in this column next week.

There is always much joy in heralding the advent of a new musician who comes in honestly, without flourish, newspaper "rushes" or any thing of the sort, one who comes in and tells upon the critics of the leading newspapers, and introduces himself purely on his merits. Of such is Mr. P. Marinus Paulson, who has just come from Chicago, where he has lived for years and has enjoyed the opportunities of studying with great teachers of the violin. Mr. Paulson is a violinist who will resist the hearts of musical people and his own fellow artists. We welcome him into full membership. He will open a studio downtown. I heard Mr. Paulson last week and his playing was thoroughly satisfactory in all points that I am capable of noticing. THOMAS J. KELLY.

Former Consul is Fined. ROME, Oct. 24—Richard Pearson, formerly United States consul at Genoa, and now minister to Persia, has been fined \$50 and 150 cents for insulting an Italian official last December previous to his appointment as minister. The government was desirous of settling the incident by number of other laborers who were injured and removed to a hospital.

Women's Woes

It does seem that women have more than a fair share of the aches and pains that effect humanity; they must "keep up," must attend to daily duties in spite of constant aching back, of headaches, dizzy spells, bearing down pains, they must stoop over, when to stoop means torture. They must walk and bend and work with racking pains and many aches from kidney ills. Kidneys cause more suffering than any other organ of the body. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Read of a remedy for kidneys only, that helps and cures the kidneys, and is endorsed by people you know.

Omaha Proof. Mrs. T. J. King, of 1516 North Twentieth-eighth street, says: "Three weeks before I got Doan's Kidney Pills, at Kuhn & Co's drug store, corner of Fifteenth and Douglas streets, I could hardly crawl about the house on account of pain in the small of my back. I wore plasters all the time, but they did me no good. When sitting or reclining I could scarcely get on my feet and I attribute the cause to an accident when I fell off the sidewalk, broke a limb and injured my back. Doan's Kidney Pills at first helped me and finally disposed of the last attack. It requires very little imagination to reason that what benefitted me so greatly can be depended upon in the future should recurrences take place."

AMUSEMENTS

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WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY NIGHTS MATINEE WEDNESDAY EDWIN MORDANT AND OLA HUMPHREY Present the Sensational Dramatic Novelty BURIED AT SEA

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TODAY AT 2:30 TONIGHT AT 8:15 4 Nights and Sunday and Wednesday Matinees. "An Evening With Uncle Sam's Boys." THE MILITARY SPECTACLE Across the Pacific THE HARRY CLAY BLANEY, As "Willie Live" SEVEN GREAT SCENES - COMPANY OF SIXTY CLEVER PEOPLE. Extremely Exciting. Powerfully Pathetic. Next Thursday, "At Cripple Creek."

MISS BLANCHE SORENSON. Voice Culture Studio, 550 Range Bldg. Telephone 2687. Refused to ask for the king's clemency, as prescribed by law. Five Laborers Killed by Train. SUFFERN, N. Y., Oct. 24—Five Italian laborers who were repairing the tracks of the New York Central at a curve were instantly killed by an express train.

ORPHEUM TELEPHONE 1531. Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, October 25th Today 2:15; Tonight 8:15

Modern Vaudeville Wright Huntington & Co. Presenting for first half of week, "A Stand O.E." Last half, "A Stolen Kiss." Schenk Brothers Europe's Acrobatic Marvels. Princess Losoros Prima Donna Soprano. Charles Ernest The Eminent Minstrel. Brothers Rio Spanish Rings. Bryant & Saville Musical Comedians. The Brittons Colored Entertainers.

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